



An Epitaph, of the
Godly Constant, & Com-
fortable Confessor, Marye
(Dorothea Wopnes)
whiche Slept in
Christ the yere
of Grace.

M.D.LX.

Wadeby, Francis
Rampart.

Arch.
Boll.
A.I
96



I Hard a voyce from heauen
14 sayth saynct Iohn sayng.

Blessed are the dead that dye
in the Lorde, for they from hens
for the shall rest fro their labours,
and their woꝝkes followeth them

15. Faouure is dysseitfull, and befoꝝ-
tye is a dayne thinge, but a wom-
man that fearyth the Lorde, she is
woꝝthy to be praised.



Wha in this life, or y^ere
here,

who fautes haue few, or ful of crym
in the same kinde, they doe apper
and dyng well, this is sertayne
to yll they cannot, turne agayne.

Therefore y^e ende, dothe well declar
who doe Immeryt, to haue prayse
and also those, that vertuose are
which walked styll, in godly wayes
for as they dye, so shall theyse
this is the saynge, of the wyse.

¶ Of our fathers, deserued fame
for that they hated, vertuose for
doubtles good women, doe the same
yf in they^r v^aches, lyke wyse the goe
amongest which holpest, that are gone
I coupte Da:othye (Wynnes) for one
A. II.

and talke here, a tyme, and space
that nowe is spent, and she is gonne.
whose Corpus is layed, in the graue
this world, vnworthie to haue

For as the Lorde first, gaue her life
o rated also, was her race
when death came, which endith strife
the yeldyde streyght, vnto hym place
as one full fyled, in her mynde
after this life, muche ioy to find

Thus is she deade, to lyue agayne
in that lyfe, that lasteth euer
highe in the heuens, where is no payne
amongest the holy, saynetes together
happy therfore, was her good chance
whome God of heuen, doth so aduaunce.
Though

Though she no more, be caried heni
and clotes of clape, closed out of sight
cease shall I not, my diligence
for to set forth, this woorthie wight
whose bodie though, hyt lye obscure
yet shall her fame, alwayes induen

In worster there, there, dyd she
the towne to name, is cald Droite wich
whose vertuouse, dyd so muche excell
nowe she is gone, their lyues non such
for this I dare, be bolde to say
A Whence she was, in that countrey.

Bye eare my frendes, & hekke more
of this meke Matrone, I discerne
for whome good people, muche deplore
whose pere is fewe, in yearth alyue
and though this world, did her a noye
yet wone she hath, nobo lasting toye.

A. iii.

GodA

Gods worde she dyd, trulpe pꝛofesse
hose life accordid, with the same
erfore all men, can say no leasse
it she deserues, eternall fame
nd ther to think her, well woꝛthy
mongest the saintes, numbered to be

1. Tement she was, full vp right
nd herples, cleane dyd detest
e hild on Christe, the God of might
a partict waie, styll coumptinge best
ough deathe therfore, did her assaile
it could hit not, her hart once quayle

When papistes dyd her much deride,
t wold she not, to them incline
followe such, that wanderpd wyde
oꝛ takinge christes, pꝛeceptes deuyn
her into euer, she dyd stande
wold not byld, bp on the sande.

For after she christes word, once knebd
papistes churche, she ne-er came
but

a... ceo was, wha euer sho fall
neuerto bowe, her knees to Baal.

Therefore full manye: a Harpe then
she dyd sustayne, in Harpes dayes
whē tyrantes wol: with force procu
her for to walke: in Romyshe wayes
yet might they not: her once remoue
so feruent was, to God her loue.

She w her house, one God dyd cri
thysle every daye, with great desyre
that he wold of, his owne mercy
onse agayne, yet quenche the fyre;
whose voyce he harde, & dyd the sai
euen for the gloze, of his name.

Anyrout and mother, of godlin
she was in bringinge, vp of youth
her child: ens lyes, doe it expresse
of whose bereft, thet may haue ruff

A. iiii.

For her womanlye, thanfullnes
e perfect chaste, and puer lyfe
faythfull lypyes, cane hit expresse
those that knew her, mayd and wyfe
pose fragrant, name declares no lesse
cypous oymmentes, much to passe.

All idelnes, she dyd abhoze
d loued well, good excersyle
e workes God bleast, a sent her store
ych truth imbaste, and hat edlyes
erfore of her, may by this brute
e as the tree, such is the frute

Her care was most, to help the poore.
ere in the dyd, ryght care excell
almes that was, dayly at her doore
e people theire, dyd know full well
God they crye, daylye therfore
and them now, suche frindes in store.

In

sainge she wold come, to beggarpe
but yet the Lorde, that sawe the deede
dyd alwayes helpe her, in her needs

How many syke, she dyd releas
great maruell were it, nowe to tell
and what to prysoners, she did geue
all that countrey, she did presel
she loued so, Christs members here
that nothinge was, for them to deare

Abhoze she dyd, to haue excess
and porcyon, to eat alone
but gaue then of, the fatherles
as one full of, Compassion
therfore the scriptures, doth witnes
her soule shall neuer, feele darknes.

Her mouth to wisdom, openede she
her Langwage was, the lawe of graces
her

yet here is frutes, of gods electe

Now when y christe, in her last dayes
dyd dyspyt her: with muchelyknes
and proued her fayth, sunderye wayes
to make her to, his owne lyknes
she past not then, for aney losse
but meklye to Chylte: kyfte the crosse.

Her lyknes dyd, continewelonge
lyke vnto Jobes, or Tymothee
yet in her passions, spalines the songs
wher in she had, felycyte
whiche tokened, she was chyltes owne
in whome suche paciens, he had sown

Her harte was, infatigable
throughe fayth which she: staid bypon
that nether welthe: nor paine was able
her

her to remoue, from Ston stonne.
but styll in faith, endured she
as one the, Inuysible see.

From tope to toe, she felt great payn
as Lazerous, that blessed man
whiche she full meklye, did sustayne
although her frendes, forsoke her than
with out all, mourmuratiō
agenste Gods sweet, correction.

And as Chyistes great Ignomye
dyd harden styll, the Jewes mynde
so dyd her. Harpe, aduersitye
moue the wycked, fautes to fynde
thynkinge her accursed to be
when yet with God, most blest was she

For this her self, perswade she did
p though God here, her faythe had tryed
yet at the last, he wold her ryde
and bring her to felicitye.

Wher she is now, I dare well say
In euerm-lasting, myrthe and Joye

Yf that Marie Chole, the best parte
Which Chryste had kepe, in memorie
seinge from the same, she did not starte
her fame therfore, shall neuer dye
amongest the Blessed, f emynne
thongh the wicked, ther at repyne.

Yf Dorcas, lyberallyte
be lefte in wytyng, to her praye
then is this worthe, that degree
that euer walked, in her wayes
for to the poore, she was a lone
none such I knowe, now she is gone

Yf that Lydda, Comendyd be
for Joye she had, of holy men
thys be g graffe, of the same tree
shuld we now cease, to prasse her than
in whom such grace, there did abound
that fewe her lyke, can now be found

Her

Behold a. Take ye well, in this. Which I present, here vnto you
Oh followe her, and doe the same
and God wil gyue you, praise and fame

As she thus hath, played her parte
and nowe resteth in Gods owne hand
so death wyll stryke vs, with his darte
whose power no fleshe, can with stand
God garunt therfore: to each degree
to happye in lyfe, and death to be.

Well I doe hope, that she shall arise
though lyne of lyfe, be now out caste
ryse and reuiue, bothe fleshe and bones
and so in heuen, with Christ be plasce
thus leaue I her, in lasting Joyes
and for the same, geue God the praise.

Amen.

Finis quod Frances Rebopost.

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